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# THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



**HOUSEPARTY ISSUE**

**15c**



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# THE LEHIGH REVIEW

Vol. X

April, 1937

No. 8

*A magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh  
Published by students of Lehigh University*

*Printed by the Lehigh Printing Corporation,  
Bethlehem, Pa.*

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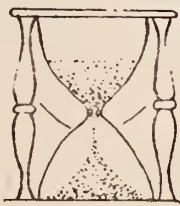
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Cover Illustration posed by Miss Mary Malloy, Moravian College for Women, and Mr. W. Freeland Dalzell. Photograph by Judson L. Schaeffer	



This was to have been a Houseparty issue, with emphasis on the less drab aspects of life; it has not turned out to be quite what we expected. Some of the best writing submitted has no "Houseparty angle" at all. Even in the center pages, where we had intended all should be froth and merriment, the chill eye of the camera has brought unpleasant reality.

But, Houseparty guests, the best talent of the **Review** has here conspired to present you with entertainment, and if not all of it is on the sunny side, you will remember that the **Review** is not a college comic, but a literary magazine. Do not stop with Dave Hughes' light verse, with the cartoons by "Flip" and the jokes we steal from exchange; push ahead into some of the articles and the stories. Look at "Epilogue" and "Pale Young Man." Lehigh has a certain amount of serious thought, and some of it you will find in these pages.

Miss Janet Erkins of New York, whose line sketch of a siren in Lehigh prom-land we reproduce, made her drawing from impressions of a single week-end in Bethlehem.



Not so rapidly formed were the photographs on our center pages. To secure them, Bob Williamson used up two dozen photo-flash bulbs, five full evenings and an untold quantity of beer. He was thanked for his efforts at half the establishments visited and cursed at the other half. Oddly enough, it was at the places which should have had least to hide that he met with the coolest reception. The North side's

rather attractive Beth-Allen Casino only admitted him after considerable debate; when at last he got in it was closing time and there was nothing to see. Whereas in Fisher's cafe, haunt of unemployed steel workers, he was welcomed, given a free hand.

The drug store shot was the most exciting. Everything having been prearranged with the sodajerkers, Bob sneaked back of the counter and pressed his flash-bulb release. In the lightning glare, counter patrons started, eyed Bob suspiciously. One of them snarled. "Wise guy," he said.



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**I**NGREDIENTS of a real natural go into Decca's *Big Boy Blue* and *Dedicated To You*—Ella Fitzgerald and the Mills brothers! And, let me tell you, this unique combination is every bit as soul-warming as you'd expect. The brothers supply a more complimentary background for the effortless swing of Ella than most full sized bands could. The brothers only use, of course, a guitar and whatever else nature blessed them with, which is plenty.

The last half of *Big Boy Blue* is one of the gems of the year—from the time the most mellow, hot bass voice imaginable introduces a final bang-up, lilting chorus by Ella. The "four boys and a guitar" still remain almost insurmountably above all other harmonizers. (Without Ella, they also just made *Swing for Sale* and *Peonies from Heaven*.)

Getting them back from Europe almost equalizes our not getting back the war loans. Their father, incidentally, took the place of the brother that died some time ago. As for Ella, although it was less than a year ago that she won an amateur contest at Harlem's Apollo theater on 125th street, she's pretty well established herself as our best jazz vocalist.

My choice as the greatest of all-around musicians is Lionel Hampden, most famous as the-best-vibraphonist-in-the-world for the Goodman quartette. As a pianist, I've seen him hold his own in a duet with Teddy Wilson. His vocals are wows for those that go in for the husky Negro style. Victor's *Stomp*, by Hampden's own orchestra, presents him as one of our most sensational drummers. And the song, a real sizzler, was written, arranged and directed by—Lionel Hampden. Ditto on all scores for the other side, *Jivin The Vibres*.

Talking about Teddy Wilson . . . Brunswick has put out two of his finest sides this month. His measured, clean piano (as contrasted with the boisterous rollicking of Waller) is superb. The rest of the band keeps up with him. I can't swear to the personnel, but I believe there's parts of Stuff

Smith's wild men (Drummer Cole, trumpeter Jones) of Goodman's artists (guitarist Reuss) and of a flock of other first class men that must have been hanging around town at the time of the pressing. Above all, let's not forget the blues of Billie Holliday who's sounding more and more every month like a Mildred Bailey with an Alabama accent.

#### TOMMY DORSEY (Victor)

*Mendelssohn's Spring Song* and *Liebestraum; I'll Dream My Way to Heaven* and *Thanks for Everything; In a Little While Heaven* and *Sweet is the Word for You*. Somebody ought to erect a statue to Tommy; first, for his trombone, second, for his whole band, and third, for being able to produce thrilling hot interpretations of old "classics" without making them appear ridiculous. I predict he's going to start a fad. Mendelssohn and Liszt, particularly the latter, can really feel complimented by the subdued ensemble



*Teddy Wilson*

swing at the beginning of the records that slowly builds up to some hot solo licks by a really great foursome—Tommy himself, Bud Freeman at the tenor sax, unmistakable Bunny Berigan at the trumpet and drummer Dave Tough, who really gets under way. The other four sides, though definitely in the superior class, suffer by com-



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GLEN GRAY (Decca)

*Whoa Babe* and *Study in Brown; Too Marvelous for Words* and *Sentimental and Melancholy*. Year in and year out, Gray's Casa Loma outfit have remained No. 1 band with the public. But the band's quality hasn't been quite so consistent. After hitting new lows last year, they've at least come back to the high they were on when Gene Gifford, super-super arranger was turning out such numbers as the Casa Loma Stomp. A Larry Clinton, who wrote the first two nifties listed, seems to have taken Gifford's place. Pee Wee Hunt's vocals will make you jump up and down for joy on *Whoa Babe*.

GEORGE HALL; DOLLY DAWN  
(Bluebird)

(Hall) *Blue Hawaii* and *Sweet Lei-lani*; (Dawn) *I've Got Rain in My Eyes* and *The Mood That I'm in*. The sexy one sings her customary throaty lyrics under her own banner. But with her boss, George Hall, she's out of her element trying to cross a Swiss yodel with a Hawaiian hula. If you like electric guitars, get an earful of the best one in the business on the Hall disc.

CONNIE BOSWELL (Decca)

*When the Poppies Bloom Again* and *Trust in Me*; *Where Are You?* and *Serenade in the Night*. This seems to be a gala month for vocalists. Here is one of the four or five best out, Connie Boswell. She's much better on hot numbers than on these four saccharine "pops," but she stands out well enough on any. Ben Pollack's orchestra in the background is an asset for anyone.

FATS WALLER (Victor)

*Did Anyone Ever Tell You?* and *When Love Is Young*; *The Meanest Thing You Ever Did Was Kiss Me* and *Back Up to Me*. "Pop" Shields wouldn't sleep for a week if he ever heard the take-off on good ole Johann Sebastian B. As a matter of fact, it isn't bad. Nor the others. Same old pattern as always—silly chatter by Fats, bouncing piano, swell tenor sax, not so swell trumpet, finale. But I love it. Wonder if Fats really enjoys life as much as he "sounds" to?

ART SHAW (Brunswick)

*Love Is Good for Anything That Ails You* and *Was It Rain?* There's still a little indefinable stiffness with Art and some strained singing by Peg LaCentra. But this plate still deserves mention among the best of the month. There's good reason when the fans rate Shaw and his clarinet on a par with Goodman. That's not overdoing it too much.

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# WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN, W-I-L-L-I-E

**N**O movies, no Maennerchor tea dance, no drinking, everything up to Emily Post — what could houseparty week-end have been like twenty years ago? Poor mother and dad, just what fun could they have had?

From the reminiscing of Mr. Lehigh '14 and his wife with prompting from the side by some of the boys of the Class of '14, the cobwebs and dust on memories of twenty years ago are brushed aside, and the mystery of houseparties of the old days clears.

Mr. Lehigh '14 claimed that houseparties just weren't in the curricula of that time, but his story makes us wonder.

Following the same course of events that comprises the week-end today, we find that the day of the Prom, the pretty-faced girls, with complexions unmarred by paints and lacquers, took over the fraternity houses. Not much was said about entertainment before the Prom, but without movies, we can imagine that there was much well-regulated conversation with snatches of Harper's Weekly on the side.

Eventually the males left to attire themselves in tails, much as today, while their dates made ready. Having had a rather difficult time stuffing their young selves into tight evening dresses, the females sat waiting amid pillows, until the young men called for them in a horse and buggy, and the whole works went off down the street on the way to Drown hall.

The dance began promptly at nine o'clock, and the entire houseparty delegation found plenty of floor space in Drown hall for their cavortings. As Mr. Lehigh '14 explained, "The dances began early and didn't last very long, because it was a lot more work dancing in those days than now." The waltz, two-step, and dip were all in order to the accompaniment of much arm pumping and body weaving. We will concede to Mr. Lehigh '14 that we don't work as hard, "just walking around the floor," as he put it. One of his friends added that just as that time, the tango put in its appearance, and he had a hard enough job with the

standard steps without tackling something new.

Sometimes the dances lasted until two o'clock! But, if the affair took place on a Saturday night, everything died at twelve, not because of the Pennsylvania Blue laws, but because the University saw fit. At these affairs, you could always tell which girl was the go-getter; she was the one who had her dance program filled with the names of dashing admirers.

After the ball was over, relates Mrs. Lehigh '14, everyone went down to the ice cream palace, opposite Bob's on Fourth street, and then went directly home. Mr. Lehigh '14, oblivious of his wife's statement, objected that the Lookout was just as popular then as now, and added that they stayed out until really appalling hours looking at Haley's Comet. It looks like Mr. Lehigh '14 has the better memory.

On occasions, some of the couples managed to struggle to class on the morning after, dressed in evening clothes. Those who didn't do this again resorted to reading. In the afternoon, the straw-hatted collegians and their dates watched Lehigh beat Johns Hopkins 3 to 1 in lacrosse.

Well, now, what about that Maennerchor affair? How shocking, for the only ones ever seen in the Maennerchor were town toughs, or at least that was the reputation of the club. If a girl were seen in the Maennerchor, or any other drinking place — well, you just can't imagine what people thought, because not even not-nice girls did things like that. The debts of that time were weaned on ice cream cones, and very carefully too, to preserve that wasp waist-line.

What took the place of the tea dance? Well, that's where the old gals have it all over the dates of our time, who must go so far as to seek entertainment in the form of the *Review*. Because there was no tea dance, the girls had to rely on their effervescent conversation to keep the boys' attention.

While we are waiting for the struggle to get the people into their clothes

**Houseparty a Generation  
Ago, With Proms Held in  
Drown Hall, Ice Cream Cock-  
tails, and Haley's Comet**



**Recollection of Lehigh  
In 1914 and After,  
As Transcribed by**

**Frank Kemmer**



# SCENE, SCRIPT and SONG

**Mustard and Cheese's 1937  
Musical Show Is in Rehearsal**



—Williamson

*by Charles F. McCoy, Jr.*

**A**BOUT a year ago, rumor had it that Lehigh's Mustard and Cheese club was going to produce a musical comedy.

No one seemed to know just what that rather broad statement meant. Who wrote it? Were the songs original? (For certainly there must be songs!) Would there be "real" chorus girls? Could Lehigh students sing? These were some of the questions that went the rounds of the campus for several weeks. Everyone formed his own ideas and waited for the first performance.



—Williamson

*Hughes: He Writes the Music*

A few weeks before the "premier," in fact, this first Lehigh musical comedy was the "big news" of the school year.

Someone found out that the whole undertaking was original and that Ralph Skedgell was the author. Advance publicity was crystalized by the April "Review" in which three articles appeared, giving, from various angles, a hurried kaleidoscope of this new Le-

high pastime. Featured was an historical sketch of the production by its author. "When news leaked out that the Mustard and Cheese Club was producing an original musical comedy," to quote Ralph, "Everyone was surprised—but not half as surprised as the author!"

That sentence of Ralph's is worth talking about. Behind it lie many interesting and humorous situations, all of which converged to make "Prom Trotters" a great success and to make the continuance of this effort, for another year, at least, inevitable.

There were many reasons, last year, why Ralph Skedgell was surprised and, as he continues, "amazed, dumbfounded and frightened." It had been quite enjoyable to write songs, and devise a suitable plot for such a production. There was a certain satisfaction in working at it until it was completed. Only when Mr. Rights, director of Dramatics, looked at the score and smiled his enthusiastic approval, did the many problems begin to show themselves. With the words "We'll give it a try," there was a great realization—and all of it by Ralph Skedgell.

"Prom Trotters" is now history—and pleasant history. Without question it was Lehigh's greatest dramatic success.

Mustard and Cheese took its bow and set to work to prepare for another year.

Lehigh's dramatic club and Drown hall are definitely no New York producer nor theater of the "Great White Way." But let's not laugh at this seeming comparison of the proverbial mouse to the elephant. Even a small collegiate production is not decided

upon, written and produced without many of the same problems and difficulties that confront Broadway's maestros.

What about the script and the songs? Obviously, they are the basis of any musical. After "Prom Trotters," Mr. Rights became almost continually a conference room for students who were enthusiastic about writing a "musical" (to many of them a vague term) or who had already dashed off a few songs and the base outline of a plot.

"There must be someone here," thought the director, "who can do as good a job as Ralph."

This was far from a fallacy. David Hughes, Chem. E. '38, presented the most comprehensive group of songs, and there started Lehigh's second musical. Dave, may it be said, must have felt those same emotions that were Ralph's the year before.

The problem of adequate music is a great one. To write a dozen songs is no easy task. Moreover, they must be written in various moods and styles—suitable for all varieties of love and comedy scenes.

At the same time arises the question of plot and script. These must follow, to some extent, at least, musical comedy tradition, yet be of specific interest to Lehigh students. The songs must fit the script, too—or the script the songs—or the plot—or something like that. Several enthusiasts must spend a great many hours helping the author in forming an entertaining plot, writing a polished script and adapting to these a varied group of appropriate songs. These initial ob-

continued on page twenty-eight

## ON DRIVING DATE TO HOUSEPARTY

On a night like this, when the moon aglow  
 Seems to shimmer and shine within our reach  
 And the trees are murmuring each to each  
 Of joys unknown on other nights  
 I will say to you tenderly and low—

*(muttered rapidly)*

Why can't those dumb bells dim their lights!  
 I'm sorry dear but it gets my goat  
 To see what fools some people are  
 The way those motoring morons drive  
 It's a wonder that anyone's left alive

Where was I —

Ah yes, tonight it seems to me  
 That happiness is truly ours  
 For we can taste, amid the flowers  
 What joy the jealous gods allow  
 And my heart cries with ecstasy

Is that a cop behind us now?

Why can't those snoopers stay at home  
 And give a guy a decent break  
 He hopes we'll park beyond a doubt  
 I wonder if my tail light's out

But I was saying

Your very presence seems to bring  
 Release from every worldly pain  
 As tenderly as falling rain  
 Upon the quiet summer air  
 And softly I am whispering —

Why can't that truck stay over there  
 I never get a chance to pass  
 He's weaving so from side to side  
 As though he owned the middle half  
 I'd like to show the big giraffe

Well anyway —

Tonight is ours for ever dear  
 Each priceless instant all our own  
 And though at dawn the dream has flown  
 Tonight we'll keep the vision clear  
 Forgetting how the moments pass  
 Like little winds across the grass

*My God — we're running out of gas!*

*Verse*

*by*

*David*

*Hughes*

*Illustration by Dick Gowdy*

A SONG OF THE FAIRLY OPEN ROAD



**I**N a few moments he would go on duty, and he stood at the entrance to the dugout talking to the sergeant while he finished the cigarette. It was an American cigarette, and they never threw one away half finished.

"It's not that I mind being killed," he said slowly, "but that any service which I can give to the world will be utterly wasted."

The sergeant was a realist. He said with a bitter smile: "Just what position could you take that another man couldn't fill as well?"

"But it's the waste of manhood that I object to."

"Now why worry about that," the sergeant said casually. "Babies are being born every minute. For every guy that goes west —" — he snapped his fingers — "some dame has a kid. Just like that."

"But surely the birth rate back home can't keep up with the men lost over here."

"What the hell? The boys make up for it with these French babes, don't they?" laughed the sergeant, who considered the argument closed.

The boy pinched the cigarette between his fingers, took a last deep drag, and tossed it away. The trench was still soggy in the May weather, and the cigarette sizzled when it struck the ground. With no further word to the sergeant, he turned and started down the trench to his post. Little spurts of water shot up around his feet as he walked along the duck boards.

At a turn in the trench, he mounted the parapet and peered across the dismal, torn waste of no man's land. Gaunt and scarred, the skeleton of a single tree pointed toward the sky. Something had moved out there in the gathering twilight. He raised himself to get a better look. There was a blinding shock of pain at his forehead.

\* \* \*

He'd forgotten again to duck for that low rafter in the barn. Well, there was a good chance that it would never hit him again. Picking up the pail of milk, he left the barn and started toward the house. He paused at the back door for a moment to gaze at the dying August sun, which had painted the hilltop in orange hues. Then he went through the woodshed into the kitchen, where he set the pail in the sink, put a dipper of water into the

## EPILOGUE

### Arms and the Man

by Robert Clark

tin washbasin, and washed for supper. His folks were already at the table when he sat down.

"How about the Holstein, John, has she gone dry yet?" his father asked as he filled his plate.

"Not yet, dad," he answered uneasily.

"Hasn't this day been hot?" his mother commented. "I thought I'd roast over that stove."

His mother was a big woman. She sighed and daubed at her flushed face and damp hair with a handkerchief. He took a drink of water and decided that he'd better get it over with now.

"I've enlisted and leave tomorrow." A faint trace of huskiness was in his voice.

There was a silence. He was long to remember how his father had stopped with his fork midway between his mouth and the plate.

Lowering the fork carefully to the plate, the father looked at his son a moment, and then said in a voice mingled with pride and resignation: "If you feel that it's your duty, son, I suppose you'll have to go. Mother

and I ran this farm by ourselves before you came to help us, and I guess we can do it again."

"Thanks for taking it this way. You see, I wouldn't feel right otherwise."

Two big tears had overflowed his mother's eyes and slowly gained momentum as they coursed over her roughened cheeks.

"I was afraid, I was afraid of this," She spoke low and rapidly. "But somehow I hoped that it wouldn't happen. God keep you anyway." And she went into the kitchen with an empty plate in one hand, while the other fumbled at her nose with the crumpled handkerchief.

After several unsuccessful attempts to talk about something else, the rest of the meal was eaten in silence. Later, as he dried the wet dishes his mother handed him, she chatted about the women's plans for the local Grange booth. He was about to warn her that he wasn't going to let himself be tricked into watching the booth for a whole afternoon like last year, but checked himself when he remembered that there wasn't going to be any fair for him. The last dish was dried and put away, when his mother asked: "Have you told Mary yet?"

Mary Peirman lived down at the next farm. Their friendship had started that day, long ago, when a shy little girl with pigtails had been assigned the vacant seat next to him on her first terrifying day at the district school. He had shared his book with her, and the rest of the boys could hardly wait until school let out to taunt him with infuriating chants of "Johnny's in love with the new girl. Johnny's in love with the new girl."

Being eight years old, an age that considers liking a girl "something only sissies do," he had turned indiscriminately upon the nearest of his tormentors, with fists flailing in blind rage. He had chosen the wrong opponent, and was beaten badly. When his own handkerchief had given out, Mary profaned the whiteness of her own in an effort to staunch the flow of blood which trickled from his nose. As they walked home together, John became aware, for the first time, of the consolation which only a woman's sympathy can give.

In answer to his mother's question, he turned at the kitchen door:

"No, not yet. I'm going down to see her now."

His mother's eyes held a wistful and

continued on page twenty-four



Mr. Frank E. Taylor  
Alpha Beta Gamma House  
Cedar College  
Cedar Rapids, N. Y.

Monday evening.

Darling Frank:

It was so sweet of you to ask me to houseparty this week-end . . . I simply adore Benny Lombardo. The Prom is on Friday night isn't it? I don't know how to thank you . . . I'll be there with bells on Friday afternoon. Meet me on the 3:20 train . . . Gosh, I'm so excited and happy I can hardly write a straight line. I've talked the Dean of Women into giving me full week-end privileges. I don't have to be back till Monday morning . . . Just think, a whole week-end with you . . . Frank, I could kiss you for writing me . . . I can hardly wait. . . .

Love and kisses,

Babs.

*From the Cedar College Chronicle for  
March 8, 1937*

TRACK TEAM  
ELECTS SAME  
CO - CAPTAINS

Frank "Bud" Taylor, Ch. E. '38, was elected co-captain of the track team for the coming season in a preliminary season meeting held last night. The other captain elected to serve with Taylor is Frank Taylor, Bus. '38. They are not the same man.

These two juniors who have the same name, but are totally unrelated, have always created confusion and mix-up on the campus since they registered in Cedar three years ago. Because they resemble each other so closely and are equally proficient in marks and athletics, (besides bearing

the same names), many believe they are the same man. On the track team, one is a miler, the other a sprint man.

Frank "Bud" Taylor, the miler, is a member of the Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity, and comes from Livingston, Kentucky. His activities include editorship of Cedar Chronicle, president of Junior Activities Club, Dean's List and letters in football and track. In appearance, he is tall and dark and 22 years old. He is known to his friends as "Bud."

His chief pal is his namesake, Frank Edward Taylor, Bus. '38, the sprint man, who belongs to the Alpha Beta Delta fraternity and comes from Rye, N. Y. His activities parallel his pal's; president of the business fraternity, Dean's list, chairman of the Press club, and letters in soccer and track. He is very similar to co-captain Taylor (see cut) in appearance although he is only 20 years old.

Both Taylors are on the Junior Prom committee which is presenting Benny Lombardo this Friday evening at the Hotel Cedar. "Bud" Taylor is chairman of the arrangements committee.

LOMBARDO PLAYS  
FOR BIG DANCE  
FRIDAY NIGHT

Spring houseparty this week-end

brings the Junior Prom and Benny Lombardo who will play this Friday evening in the Hotel Cedars. Dancing will be from 10 to 3. Tickets at \$4.56 each can be secured from the committee.

Frank Taylor, Ch. E. '38, chairman on the Prom committee has said "This Junior Prom will be one of the biggest and best ever held at Cedar . . . Over 400 tickets have already been sold . . ."

Miss Barbara Bentley  
Stenton Hall  
Smythe College  
Rider, N. Y.

Tuesday, 8:30 a. m.

BABS HAVENT HEARD FROM  
YOU STOP ARE YOU COMING TO  
PROM LOVE

FRANK

Miss Barbara Bentley  
Stenton Hall  
Smythe College  
Rider, N. Y.

Tuesday, 8:45 a. m.

MEET YOU ON THREE TWENTY  
TRAIN AS REQUESTED STOP PRE-  
PARE FOR BIG SURPRISE

FRANK

Miss Barbara Bentley to Mr. Frank

# LOVE AND KISSES - STOP

*By Bill Dukek*

## Two Men and a Maid in a Merry Mixup Told in Telegram, Letter and Newspaper Clipping

*Illustrations by Dent, Boyle*







Edward Taylor, Alpha Beta Delta  
Tuesday, 10 a. m.  
WROTE YOU SUNDAY STOP  
WILL BE THERE ON THREE  
TWENTY TRAIN STOP LETTER  
MUST BE LOST SO SORRY LOVE  
BABS

Mr. Frank Edward Taylor to Mr.  
Gordon Taylor, Rye, N. Y.  
Tuesday, 12 noon  
DAD NEED TWENTY BUCKS  
STOP HOUSEPARTY THIS WEEK-  
END STOP VERY IMPORTANT  
STOP PLEASE WIRE  
FRANK

Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor to Mr.  
Howard Taylor, Livingston, Ky.  
Tuesday, 12:15 p. m.  
DAD HAVE UNEXPECTED DATE  
FOR THIS WEEKEND STOP NEED  
FIFTY BUCKS AT ONCE STOP  
EMERGENCY PLEASE WIRE CASH  
BUD

Mr. Gordon Taylor to Mr. Frank  
Edward Taylor, Alpha Beta Delta  
SON AUNT BESSIE DYING STOP  
COME HOME AT ONCE STOP SOR-  
RY BUT MUST GIVE UP YOUR  
WEEKEND.  
DAD

Mr. Frank Edward Taylor to Mr.  
Gordon Taylor, Rye, N. Y.  
DAD CANT MAKE IT STOP AUNT  
BESSIE WILL HAVE TO GET BET-  
TER AGAIN STOP THIS WEEKEND  
VERY IMPORTANT STOP PLEASE  
WIRE FIFTEEN BUCKS  
FRANK

Mr. Gordon Taylor to Mr. Frank  
Edward Taylor, Alpha Beta Delta.  
NO IMPERTINENCE STOP COME  
HOME IMMEDIATELY OR LOSE AL-  
LOWANCE  
FATHER

Mr. Frank Edward Taylor to Mr.  
Gordon Taylor, Rye, N. Y.  
OKAY STOP YOURE BOSS  
FRANK

Mr. Frank Edward Taylor to Miss  
Barbara Bentley, Smythe College.  
AUNT INCONVENIENTLY DYING  
STOP MUST BREAK DATE STOP  
TERRIFICALLY SORRY STOP DE-  
TAILS LATER LOVE  
FRANK

Tuesday, 4:00 p. m.  
Miss Barbara Bentley  
Stenton Hall

Smythe College  
Rider, N. Y.

BABS WAY CLEARED FOR BIG  
WEEKEND PLANNED FOR US  
STOP EVERYTHING UNDER CON-  
TROL LOVE

BUD

Special Delivery

Miss Barbara Bentley  
Stenton Hall  
Smythe College  
Rider, N. Y.  
Dear Babs,

Please forgive the practical joke that  
my pal Frank has been playing on you.  
He's been sending you telegrams using  
my name saying Aunt Bessie is pass-  
ing on and that he'd have to break the  
date. He's crazy. I have no Aunt Bes-  
sie in the first place. I'll expect you  
as we've arranged. I'll see that he  
keeps out of our way this weekend.  
Frank.

Mr. Frank Taylor  
Alpha Beta Delta House  
Cedar College  
Cedar Rapids, N. Y.

GLAD EVERYTHING IS ALRIGHT  
STOP WAS CONFUSED FOR A  
WHILE STOP WHO IS THIS AW-  
FUL FRANK PERSON STOP DONT  
THINK I LIKE HIM OR HIS JOKES  
BABS

*From the Cedar College Chronicle for  
March 15, 1937*

#### 555 GUESTS FOR HOUSEPARTY W E E K E N D

Over 600 couples danced to Benny  
Lombardo at the Junior Prom held last  
Friday evening. The following evening,  
30 fraternities held house dances. A  
list of houseparty guests follows:

#### *Alpha Beta Gamma*

Miss Barbara Bentley, Rider, N. Y.;  
Miss Jane Stone, Denmont, Pa.; Miss  
Laura Kipp, . . .

#### OLD MAN OF SOMETHING *By Bye*

#### AFTERMATH

Here's a great *Boy Meets Girl* yarn  
about last weekend. It seems that  
Frank Taylor (Alpha Beta Delta) had  
a smooth date from Smythe all sewed  
up. Said date writes acceptance, puts  
Alpha Beta Gamma address on letter

continued on page eighteen

# PALE YOUNG MAN

## A College Story

THE pale young man on the bed turned to look at the sky. Lew Hammond was a little more than six feet tall. A two day's growth of beard made him look hard and old, but his eyes and the line of his lips were quite young. The expression on his face was petulant, like a child being scolded. His hair was matted and tousled. His feet stuck out naked below the covers.

There was little in the sky to look at. This was February, and the early sun was hard and cold. A gangling black branch pressed against the pane and rattled the glass when the wind swept past. Occasionally a little gritty snow blew down from the eaves.

The young man was in a fraternity bedroom at a small university. He lay on a simple iron cot. There was an apple-green bureau, a chair, and a spidery study-desk. The room needed a cleaning badly. Books cluttered the desk, the leather lounge chair was littered with soiled clothing, balls of crumpled paper dotted the floor, the soil of cigarettes was on the bureau and the small Tefran rug.

He turned his head and stared at the ceiling. There were noises in the hallway outside his door. Five or six young men came down the stairway in a file, their heavy arctics making muffled clumps on the steps. They laughed softly as they rushed down, swearing at each other in mock anger.

The alarm clock on the green bureau said eight - thirty. It began to ring wildly, almost jiggling off the edge of the bureau. Lew swiveled his legs out of bed and moved over to throttle it. He turned it down on its face and stopped the alarm. Then he crawled into bed and pulled the covers up to his chin. For a long time he stared at the ceiling. It was a very plain ceiling, being made of unfinished plaster.

He had not moved when Alex Kettan entered the room. Alex was also tall, but heavier built. He looked old, too, like a harried businessman. He wore a yellow corduroy jacket with a lot of black grease smirches, cordu-

roy slacks, and crepe-soled suede shoes. He wore no tie. He could have done with a shave.

"It's almost nine, Lew." He sat on the edge of the bed.

"So it's almost nine," Lew said. "So what?"

"Listen," Alex said, "it's almost nine. You oughta get up."

"I oughta get up for what?"

"You oughta get up, that's all. This won't do you any good. Do you think everything's going to be all right with you just lying in bed?"

"It's almost nine o'clock, isn't it?" Lew said. "You have a class, don't you, Alex. You got to be there in ten minutes, don't you? Well, so long."

Alex searched through his jacket and his sloppy corduroy pants until he discovered a pipe and a fishskin tobacco pouch. He bit his lower lip angrily while he filled the pipe.

"Honest, Lew," he said. "You oughta see Carnahan."

"I oughta see Carnahan, eh?"

"Sure. You gotta see him. You gotta talk to him."

Lew smiled expansively at the ceiling. He laced his fingers behind his head and eluekled. "Well, well," he said slowly, "maybe you have something there. Maybe I'll dress me up in my Sunday suit and have a talk with

That's fine. But in the meantime you're getting kicked out of school. You're certainly getting even with him all right."

"Carnahan is a bastard," Lew said.

"All right. So he is. I hope that makes you feel better. I hope that makes you feel swell."

Alex took a grip on Lew's arm through the cover. "Listen, Lew, you gotta see Carnahan. You gotta talk to him. You gotta tell him that he's all wrong, that he just flew off the handle, that if you hadn't lost your head you could have explained what happened. You gotta look him in the eye and tell him that you just picked up the paper and you didn't know what it was. . . .

"This sounds good. Oh boy, I can just see Carnahan weeping on my shoulder right now."

"I'm telling you this for your own good. Lew. You're no good after you get bounced out of school. If you don't fight now you're lied."

"I'll fight, Kettan, don't worry about that. But I'll never crawl to a lousy college professor."

"Cut the kid stuff, will you? I'm not asking you to crawl. I'm pleading with you to go up and talk to Carnahan's face. Just tell him what happened and if you have any guts you'll make him believe you. Just walk up to him and stare him right in the eye. Talk right from the shoulder. Talk to him like this: 'Professor Carnahan, I have something to say to you. And I want you to listen because it's important. Now here is what happened: I came in to see you that morning because I was on a spot. It doesn't matter what it was but I was on a spot. I walked into your office. . . .'"

"Stop the drivin'," Lew said.

"Listen to me, will you? . . . I walked into your office and nobody was there. So I decided to wait. There wasn't any harm in that. I was restless. I sat down for a couple of minutes. I got up and walked around for a while. I was worried as hell. Then I saw some papers on your desk. I

by Sidney Lewis

my friend Carnahan. Maybe I'll take him some nice red apples."

Alex ground his back teeth on the stem of his pipe.

"It's no good," Lew said. "*C'est fini*. It's all over."

"Listen, Lew, you gotta see Carnahan. You gotta talk to his face," Alex took the pipe out of his mouth and spoke slowly. "The trouble with you, Hammond, is you're trying to be a martyr and all it's going to get you is a kick in the pants. You hate that little pimple's guts, don't you? You're thinking how you'd like to break his lousy bones, aren't you? All right.

continued on page seventeen



## STREET IN SPAIN

by Eric Weiss

Illustrations by Gowdy

ALL that blazing summer day the heavy machine gun had been throwing slugs down the Calle Real and its big water-filled barrel was steaming. The white walls of the houses glared blindingly and even in that thick walled room the air was hot and choking. Over the sights of her gun, Angela could see little crumpled heaps in the street that had been men. The rag bundles sprawled grotesquely in the burning sunshine.

Angela watched the street nervously. She was the only defender of the Calle Real and this inaction made her nervous. Her machine gun was in a second story window and so placed that she could cover the width of the street with angling fire. Her team mate, who had been placed in charge of the position, lay huddled in a corner. Angela had protested the committee's decision to put Juan in command of the gun, but they had disregarded her. It didn't matter now, for that morning a rifle

bullet had caught Juan just above the eye; he had died instantly. He was about fourteen and had not been much help as a gunner anyway.

One of the limp heaps in the street stirred and started to crawl painfully toward a shell-blasted doorway. One leg, twisted and smashed, dragged woodenly. Angela tapped her gun twice, dipped the muzzle slightly and lined her sights on the moving figure. She gave the heap a single burst. Everything was quiet. The acrid bite of burned powder stung her nose.

There was a sharp crack and a chip of the wide window frame flew into the room leaving another shallow pock mark in the stone. A rifle barrel was poked around the edge of the corner building across the street. Angela could just make out the outline of the right side of a bearded cheek beside the stock of a gun. There was another sharp crack and a piece of plaster dropped from the wall of the room. Angela aimed at what she could see of the rifle and squeezed the trigger. She was short and her bullets powdered a spot in the brickwork. She shifted her aim a bit to the left and waited.

Something struck just below the window ledge and dropped into the street below. Angela's head jerked as she looked quickly up the street. The room filled with a roar as the hand grenade exploded on the pavement. Plaster fell from the



walls and ceiling, flaking the gun with white specks. The floor shook, and a cloud of dust rose out of the street.

Angela ran her eye along the opposite house tops. Somebody was trying to get a grenade through that window. She saw the bomber on a roof up the street. The fellow drew his arm back and started to throw again. Angela started her fire as the second grenade landed in the street. Another explosion rocked the house furiously. The man on the roof seemed to lose his balance as the half inch lead slugs struck him. His body rolled down the red tiles caught for an instant at the edge, and then fell limply to the pavement.

A sudden drum of firing started up. There was a repeated splatting sound as bullets hit outside the window. Men leaped from doorways and from behind piles of rubble and started to run down Calle Real toward Angela. Their mouths were open and they seemed to be shouting something, but the sound was lost in the continual crack of rifle fire. Angela swung the gun and sprayed the street.

Something caught the first man by the feet and threw him to the ground. He lay still. A man with a flaming red beard dropped his rifle, pressed his hands to his chest, stumbled, and fell. The top of another man's head, cap still on it, seemed to blow away. The body took two steps and fell flat over on what had been a face.

Angela lifted up on the grip of the machine gun to bring her fire lower. She kept short bursts of shots raking the street. As suddenly as it had started



continued on page twenty-six

# FAST LIVING: BETHLEHEM AT NIGHT

The camera invades the town's social centers, where steel executive, professional man, office worker, laborer and student find recreation. As widely diversified in character as the people who patronize them, Bethlehem's hot spots are yet — at the worst — no hotter than most.

Photography by

Robert A. Williamson



Swing conquers in a North Side "joint"



Young's: for the less hardened, sodas



A boy on the bar, a barmaid on his knee



Dignity, with murals: Hotel Tap Room





Maennerchor, famous center of conviviality



Family gathering - place: Tally-Ho Tavern



Fisher's: for him, a dull sleep



Cigarette Over the Meal: Sun Inn



The bar at Joe Kinney's, student property



Joe's Romeo makes the spaghetti

# Be a Lehigh Coed

## Lehigh Is A School for Men

(Nine Months a Year)

But every summer we open our hallowed halls to the ladies. To the summer coed, we offer Lehigh undergraduate work, taught by regular faculty members under the standards that have given Lehigh its scholastic reputation.

There will be courses in business administration, education, engineering, history, languages, the sciences, and the social sciences.

The recreational program has not been forgotten. There will be drama in the Top o' the Mountain theater. There will be nature study and trips and hikes. There will be lectures and concerts, swimming, golf, tennis, and horseback riding. And there will be a school newspaper to keep you in touch with what is going on.

Special lodging arrangements have been made for the coeds for the session which will extend from July 6 to August 14.

Graduate courses, as usual, will be open to women.

For information write . . .

DR. HAROLD P. THOMAS  
DIRECTOR OF SUMMER SESSION  
Room 212, Packer Hall  
Lehigh University  
Bethlehem, Pa.

P.S. We are still admitting  
men to the Summer School.

## TWENTY CAMPUS TEASERS

### Can You Answer Them?

—Posed by Howard J. Lewis

1. Just as a preliminary — Lehigh was founded by Asa Packer in (1) 1887 (2) 1865 (3) 1861 (4) 1875 (5) 1870.
2. The standard Lehigh seal consists of (1) a heart above a shining star on an open book (2) a star above a shining heart on an open book (3) a shining sun above a heart on an open book (4) a shining heart over a sun on an open book (5) six couchant eagles surrounded by a laurel wreath.
3. Signs at all entrances limit Lehigh's campuses, besides sport cars, to (1) pneumatic tired trucks (2) pneumatic tired trucks and solid tired trucks under two tons (3) pneumatic tired trucks and solid tired trucks under three tons (4) pneumatic tired trucks under two tons only (5) just tired trucks.
4. The only bust in Drown hall reading room is of (1) Thomas Drown (2) Asa Packer (3) Thomas Mann (4) Andrew Carnegie (5) James Packard.
5. The most outstanding piece of statuary in the Alumni Memorial building, certainly the most beautiful is (1) the Winged Victory of Samothrace (2) Discobolus (3) Venus de Milo (4) the Thinker (5) Johnnie Maxwell.
6. Strangely enough, Milton Meissner, Ch. E. '1934, was *not* one of the following (1) Tau Beta Pi (2) co-holder of the 100-yard dash record at Lehigh (3) Phi Beta Kappa (4) Middle Atlantic States high jump champ (5) Rhodes scholar.
7. Alexander Woolcott whipped the Student Concert-Lectures series off to a flying start with a talk dealing vaguely with (1) The Living Newspaper (2) The Invisible Newspaper (3) The Town Crier (4) The Power of the Press (5) While Listeners Burn.
8. You'd have a good deal of trouble finding this fraternity house on the campus or off (1) Theta Kappa Phi (2) Delta Sigma Phi (3) Alpha Tau Omega (4) Alpha Kappa Psi (5) Phi Delta Theta.
9. Only one of these names is perfect (1) Fay Connaugh Bartlett (2) Claude Guilford Beardslee (3) Kenneth Worcester Lamson (4) Eugene Huxley Sloane (5) Clarence Clement Williams.
10. One orchestra who missed his big chance at Lehigh was (1) Frankie Masters (2) Ossie Nelson (3) Smith Ballew (4) Johnnie Hamp (5) Fletcher Henderson.
11. The number of fraternities at Lehigh runs close to (1) 20 (2) 25 (3) 30 (4) 35 (5) 40.
12. Drown hall opens its doors to the weary and the hungry between the hours of (1) 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. (2) 7:30 a. m. to 9 p. m. (3) 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. (4) 7 a. m. to 8:30 p.m. (5) 12 m.
13. The prize-winning song in the recent Lopez contest was (1) *S. S. Orion* (2) *S. O. S.* (3) *Love C. O. D.* (4) *F. O. B. Honeymoon* (5) *The Packer Hall Stomp*.
14. The oldest picture outside the supply bureau is a football picture of (1) 1884 (2) 1887 (3) 1871 (4) 1877 (5) 1894.
15. This past semester, Mustard and Cheese presented to receptive audiences (1) *The Road to Glory* (2) *Paths of Glory* (3) *Journey's End* (4) *Yellow Jack* (5) *Getting Ger-tie's Garter*.
16. Two of these men missed being N. C. A. A. wrestling champs (1) Johnnie Engel (2) George Sawtelle (3) Ben Bishop (4) Howell Scobey (5) Jimmy Reed.
17. The main lobby of Packard lab is paved with: (1) square red tiles (2) hexagonal white tiles (3) square yellow tiles (4) square white tiles (5) good intentions.
18. Famed alumnus Richard Harding Davis missed on only one of these counts (1) scoring first touchdown for Lehigh (2) founding Mustard and Cheese (3) being valedictorian of his class (4) being foreign correspondent for a metropolitan newspaper during his undergraduate years (5) organizing Arcadia.
19. The Military Ball was changed from the Armory to the Masonic Hall because of (1) inadequate facilities (2) the previous engagement of the Armory for that night (3) Bethlehem zoning ordinances (4) complaints of neighbors (5) a college peace strike.
20. Averages of 3.00 and above were awarded to this approximate number of students (1) 100 (2) 150 (3) 175 (4) 200 (5) if you've stuck us with this long you can have this one free.

Answers Opposite



## Pale Young Man

continued from page twelve

didn't know what they were. I was restless. I picked one up. . . ."

"I told you to stop the drivell," Lew said. "I told you to shut up."

"Let me finish, will you?"

"Stop it. I got a bellyache already. I'll finish it for you. I'll finish it for you right." He half-rose from the bed, his eyes starting into Alex's. "I'll say to Carnahan, 'I walked into your office, dear sir, because the door was open and my nose was nosey. And when I got in your office there was nobody there and I looked around on your desk and there were the exam papers and I said to myself, 'Swell, now maybe I'll pass this course.' So I helped myself to a sample and, by Christ, in you walked'."

"Honest, Lew, that isn't what happened. You know it isn't."

"And then, my dear Professor Carnahan, you got excited — your face turned red as a beet — and you called the Dean and the Dean looked wise and said, 'Hammond, you're out on your can,' and, by God, so I am. So I thought, Professor Carnahan, that I'd bring you some bright red apples and see if maybe that wouldn't help.' How's that, Alex?"

"You're all wrong, Lew; every word of it is wrong. You went in to talk to him because you were on a spot. You picked up a paper in his office and before you knew what had happened you were accused. . . ."

"Forget it, will you? I told you I have a bellyache." Lew twisted around and nuzzled his head in the pillow. "Here I was getting a good rest for the first time in my life. Now you come in and start telling me what to do."

"Sorry. I thought maybe talking would do some good." Alex stuck the dead pipe in his pocket. "I suppose you'll be going home in a couple of days."

"Yeah, I suppose so."

"The news will sure tickle your old man."

"Yeah, it'll tickle him to death."

Alex buttoned his corduroy jacket and ran his fingers through his hair. "Well, you can get your rest," he said, rising from the bed. "I'm going."

"O. K. Tell them to send up some lunch at noon."

"Sure, Lew, anything to please you." Alex rummaged through his pockets again. "By the way," he said, "have a cigarette. I found a pack in my jacket."

Lew smiled good-humoredly. "Say, I

will, if you don't think you're babying me too much. Stick one in my mouth, will you?" He rolled over on his back.

Alex planted a cigarette between his lips and stuck the pack back in his pocket. He turned to leave the room.

"Wait a minute," Lew yelled. "How about a match?"

"Sorry. I forgot."

Lew sat up in bed as Alex struck a light. He held the match in his left hand. Lew had to crane his neck to reach the flame.

"You got it?" Alex asked.

"You betcha."

"The hell you have, Alex said. His right fist crashed against Lew's jaw. It knocked the cigarette out of his mouth. He fell back on the bed.

"A lot of good that does," Alex muttered.



"Irma, if this happens again we discontinue our subscription to Esquire."

## Answers to the Twenty Teasers

1. (2) 2. (3) 3. (4).
4. (4) 5. (1) 6. (2).
7. (2) 8. (4) 9. (3)
10. (1) 11. (3) 12. (2).
13. (2) 14. (1) 15. (2).
16. (2) (5) 17. (1).
18. (3) 19. (4) 20. (3).

Give yourself five points for each question answered, be it right or wrong. We play no favorites. Perfect score is one hundred. Rate yourself thus:

- 100 = Excellent.  
50 = Not so good.  
0 = Go on back to M.I.T.!

## Why Process-Aging

*enriches the flavor  
and aroma of this  
fine Pipe Tobacco*



## Prove it at our Risk

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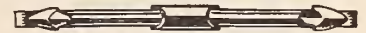
If Edgeworth is not the most delicious pipe tobacco you ever smoked or if it bites your tongue, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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3—Edgeworth Jr.—the same tobacco also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, more free-burning smoke.



Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 300, Richmond, Va.

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## Love and Kisses — Stop

continued from page eleven

and it goes to co-captain "Bud" Taylor, Frank's chief pal — He, always on the ball, wires immediate acceptance.

Then complications — Frank No. 1 is called home by death in family. Frank No. 2 writes to said Babe telling her this guy with the relation is nuts, crazy and playing a joke on them. She believes, and comes to houseparty as planned.

Meanwhile Frank No. 1 has gone leaving the field wide open. Frank No. 2 meets said date at station, wrapped in a disguise of bandages — takes her to the house and gives her the low-down.

But here's the payoff. Said Babe does not leave indignantly and trek home. Falling for Bud's Kentucky drawl, she decides to stay and make the best of it. And that best was something that will make Frank No. 1 turn several different colors when he blows back into town.

TIP to Frank No. 2 — the train to Alaska is \$56.60 one way.

Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Smythe College.

Monday 8:30 a. m.

AM I FORGIVEN FOR THAT LOW-DOWN TRICK STOP YOU WERE A WONDERFUL SPORT ABOUT IT  
BUD

Mr. Frank Taylor  
Alpha Beta Gamma  
Cedar College  
Cedar Rapids, N. Y.

Monday evening

Dear Bud,

I hope I haven't addressed this one to the wrong house — but just think, if I hadn't, I might never have met you. Yes, you're forgiven, darling. I had such a marvelous time that I can't feel angry at you.

It really was awfully indecent of Frank to leave in the lurch as he did — but we did have so much fun, you and I! You turned a very dull houseparty into the most exciting one I ever attended.

I shall never forget that silly look on your face when you took off those bandages and told me you weren't the right man — of course, I knew something was wrong all along. You gave it away, darling, with that Suthen drawl.

Are you coming up to school next weekend to the Tea Dance as you promised. I'd be delighted to see you

again — perhaps you might meet another Barbara Bentley and make us even.

Sincerely, Babs.

P.S.—Who is going to tell Frank?

Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Smythe College.

Tuesday 2:30 p. m.

I'LL BE THERE WITHOUT FAIL  
STOP CAN'T BE ANY BARBARA  
BENTLEY AS NICE AS YOU STOP  
LET ME BREAK SAD NEWS

BUD

Mr. Frank Edward Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Smythe College.

WHAT THE HELL'S THE BIG  
IDEA

FRANK

Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Smythe College.

MAY HAVE TO POSTPONE WEEK-END STOP RAN INTO DOOR

BUD

*From the Cedar College Chronicle for  
March 22, 1937*

### STUDENT HURT

BADLY AFTER.

### STREET BRAWL

Frank Taylor, Ch. E. '38, was found unconscious on the woods path behind the Alpha Beta Delta house last night severely injured. He was taken to University hospital where he is recovering fast.

Taylor had nothing to say in explanation of this accident. "A tree hit me" was all that he would say.

### STUDENT LEFT

LARGE FORTUNE

### IN AUNT'S LEGACY

Frank Taylor, Bus. '38, has fallen heir to an estate of \$200,000 following the death of an aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Tegen. He intends to remain in school, he says.

### OLD MAN OF SOMETHING

*By Bye*

### AFTERMATH OF AFTERMATH

Frank No. 2 should have taken the Alaska tip. An "unknown" assailant laid him low last night and Frank No. 2 sports a beautiful black eye and egg on his dome.

Paging Frank No. 1 — where is he hiding out? And how many black eyes does he have? What does double duty date think of Act Two of life's little drama?

Miss Barbara Bentley to Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor, Cedar College.

April 17, 1937



## The Star Barber

OF FOURTH STREET

(Opposite Post Office)

## THE MIESSE SHOP

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568 MAIN STREET

Next to Sun Inn

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Third and Adams

Dearest Bud

I heard all about that horrible accident you were in. It was so spiteful of Frank to do something as mean as that. I hope you gave him what he deserves. Why don't you come up to my home over the holidays and let me nurse you.

Love, Babs.

Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Smythe College.

BABS — ALL OKAY NOW BUT  
YOU SHOULD SEE FRANK STOP  
MAY I ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION  
ANYWAY LOVE

BUD

From the Cedar College Chronicle for  
May 16, 1937

CO - CAPTAINS

RAISE 2 SCHOOL

TRACK RECORDS

In the last track meet held on Saturday afternoon at Duke University.



co-captains Frank Taylor and "Bud" Taylor both set new college records: Frank Taylor was timed on the mile at 4:20 while "Bud" won the 270 in 21.2 seconds.

Both men have piled up a huge total of points to lead the team in an undefeated season. Both are tied at 57 points.

Miss Barbara Bentley to Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor, Cedar College.

June 7, 1937

Dear Bud,

I'm so sorry I won't be able to spend a vacation with you this summer. I'm leaving tomorrow for a trip to California — did I tell you I've got the promise of a screen test with Paramount? Their scout saw me in the last play at school and offered me this chance. This is my big chance and I must take it. I'll write to you as soon as I get there and let you know all

## MAN'S PIPE BITES DOG!



... then he switched  
to the brand of  
grand aroma



THAT'S news, all right—and a dirty trick on Fido! Pipes need a good Spring cleaning now and then to cure their bite. And for your throat's sake—if not for Fido—try switching from your old hot-and-heavy brand of pipe tobacco to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. It is milder. That's no idle boast—it's a cool-burning, fragrant-smelling, Kentucky Burley fact! 15¢ for two full ounces buys you and Fido a million dollars' worth of fine, full-flavored smoke aroma!



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about it.

Love, Babs.

Mr. "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Parker House, Chicago.

DARLING WILL YOU MARRY ME  
NOW STOP WE CAN DO CALIFOR-  
NIA TOGETHER LOVE

BUD

Miss Barbara Bentley to Mr. "Bud" Taylor, New York City.

IDIOT,

BABS

Mr. "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, St. Louis.

I LOVE YOU STOP FLYING OUT  
TO MEET YOU AT DENVER STOP  
BRINGING PARSON AND RING SO  
SAY YES

BUD

Miss Barbara Bentley to Mr. "Bud" Taylor, St. Louis.

NO

BABS

Mr. "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Denver.

SORRY DELAYED BY FORCED  
LANDING AT OMAHA STOP  
PLEASE WAIT FOR ME

BUD

Miss Barbara Bentley to Mr. "Bud" Taylor, Omaha.

PLEASE BE SERIOUS STOP  
CANT MARRY YOU OR ANYONE  
ELSE TILL I TAKE SCREEN TEST

BABS

Mr. "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Los Angeles.

THATS A PROMISE STOP STILL  
COMING STOP STILL LOVE YOU

BUD

Mr. Frank Edward Taylor, Saranac Lake, to Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor, Omaha.

June 25, 1937

Dear Bud,

Suppose we let bygones be bygones—  
I guess the better man won her, that's  
all, but he's a swell kid just the same.  
Why can't you two come up and join  
the party I'm throwing at the cottage  
here next weekend? Maybe we can set-  
tle this feud on the tennis court, golf  
links or in shots of Canadian Club.  
What say, old pal, can I count on you?

Frank.

Mr. "Bud" Taylor to Miss Barbara Bentley, Beverly Hills.

FOR THE LAST TIME WILL YOU  
MARRY ME

BUD

Mrs. Barbara LeVan to Mr. "Bud"

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Taylor, Omaha.  
Dearest Frank,

You've been so sweet — it's going to hard to write this. I didn't tell you the real reason I came out to California — it wasn't only to get a screen test. Last April, the Paramount scout, George LeVan, after persuading me to come to Hollywood, persuaded me to marry him too.

I came out to California to meet my fiance, we were married yesterday. I hope you'll try to understand and forget. Don't be too angry and please forgive me if you can.

Love and kisses, Barbara LeVan.

Mr. Frank "Bud" Taylor to Mr. Frank Taylor, Saranac Lake.

WILL GLADLY BURY THE  
HATCHET WITH YOU NEXT  
WEEKEND STOP NOTHING LIKE  
STAGS AT BAY STOP PREPARED  
FOR A WILD WEEKEND STOP CUT  
THAT MARRIED STUFF STOP LETS  
FORGET THIS DAMNED WORLD  
COUNT ON MY COMING — ALONE  
BUD

There was a woman who lived in a  
shoe

She didn't have any children  
—She knew what to do!

—Purple Cow



"I see 25 true and false — 5 essay  
type — and a hell of a tough problem."

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What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted by April 15 by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editor of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

*Last Month's Winner . . . Henry Hynson*

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"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"  
"Naw. I enjoy them."

—N. C. Wautaugan



### BLIMEY

Captain: "Quartermaster, is that our true position?"  
Quartermaster: "Yes, sir."  
Captain: "Are you positive?"  
Quartermaster: "Yes, sir."  
Captain: "Then take off your hat. We're in Westminster Abbey."

—Log



"Maw — will the Brown and White do?"



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## Waltz Me Around Again

continued from page six

for the house dances, we might take time to hear about Fem-Sem dances from Mrs. Lehigh '14. When such a dance was in progress, should a daring young man crash the gate — although this was frowned on — he would be embarrassed as he stood there, a thorn among roses, the *only* male. His kind was taboo at Fem-Sem the year around except for commencement.

In the evening the couples again waltzed, two-stepped, and dipped to the strains of "In the Good Old Summer-time," "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Alexander's Ragtime Band," with melodic chords from a harp here and there. This workout was under the non-skid glances of God-fearing chaperons.

After the house dances, the horses went their whinnying way along to more ice cream parlors, and then to bed. The issue of the Brown and White after the Prom never carried Dean Klein's comments on the affair, because there was never anything to comment on. He could have said something about hip flasks, but they were too scarce to be worthy of note. Mr. Lehigh '14 convinced me that drinking as large-scaled consumption didn't enter the minds of American youth until it was prohibited.

How things changed in the next ten years! After the war and the Eighteenth Amendment, the college boys ventured into Bob's, across from the ice cream palace, but still without their dates. The girls waited until the name was changed to Joe's before they were initiated. Drinking had advanced so rapidly, that one of the houses lost its privileges for a year.

Education was making great strides.

Proms were still held in Drown hall, with tea dances in the gym, and house dances and breakfast dances at the fraternity houses. Music had changed, and the couples did the one-step and fox-trot to "Whispering," "Avalon," "Dardanella," and "Japanese Sandman" to Cohen and Peppi's orchestra or one of Whiteman's bands. Evening clothes looked like the modern ones, but the every-day dresses would make even the best-bred people of today snicker. The Lookout had become old stuff, and the glances of the chaperons softened grudgingly.

Let's pour the dust back on the memories and let cobwebs do their worst; I sigh thankfully for 1937 girls and customs.

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## Epilogue

continued from page nine

faraway expression which made her look young. He wanted to go back and kiss her, but somehow he didn't. Instead, he just went out the back door. Passing the tall fields of corn, he went down to the gate of the boundary fence, where he always met her.

After whistling several times, he was able to see her figure approaching in the now gathering dusk. Usually, he would vault the fence and run down to meet her, but tonight he just leaned on the fence and watched her come across the fields. This was the last time, and he wanted always to keep the memory of her coming to meet him in the fading light. When she was close, he climbed wearily over the fence and stood there waiting for her. Mary was smiling until she was near enough to see the expression in his face. She paused, and with a little cry, ran across the intervening space to bury her face in his shirt. He clasped her tightly; they stayed in that position while he could smell the nutmeg in her hair.

Both understood but were afraid to speak. It was Mary who broke the silence.

"So you've enlisted," she said, and raised her head so that she could look into his face.

"I had to, Mary."

"John?" He was able to read the question deep in her eyes. "Was it because you were afraid not to?"

He nodded his head, looked away to distant hills bathed in deep purple, and could feel the softness of her breasts pressed against him. Finally he spoke:

"It's a useless game played with high stakes, but if I didn't go, I'd have that doubt — that perhaps I lacked the courage."

Looking down at her, he saw that she was the frightened little girl who had been assigned the seat beside him that day in the district school. He added gently: "You understand, don't you, Mary?"

"It's a terrible thing to have doubts, John, but I do understand."

And then she hid her face as her whole heart cried out: "Don't go! Oh don't, I know you'll never come back to me, I love you too much." But instead she forced her voice to be gay: "Just think, John, now I'll have to go to the fair alone."

He was glad for this opportunity.

"Oh no, you won't. Plenty of fellows would be glad to take you to the fair."

"But I won't enjoy it half as much

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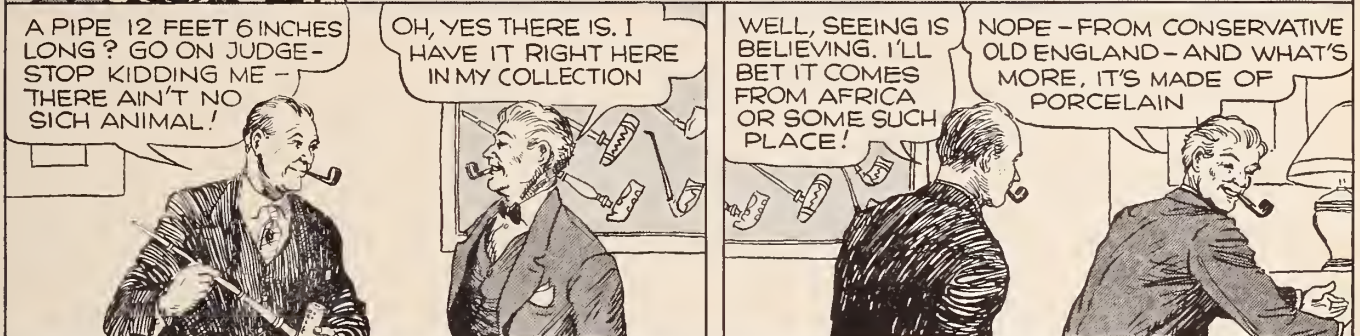
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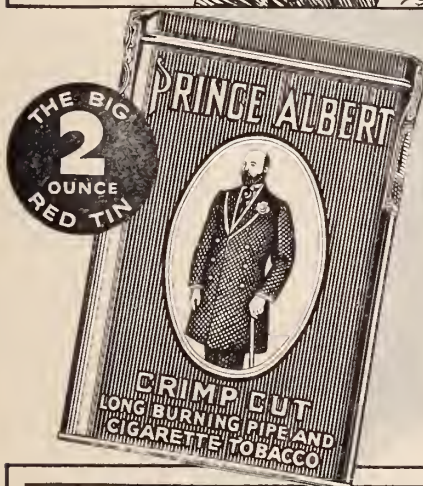
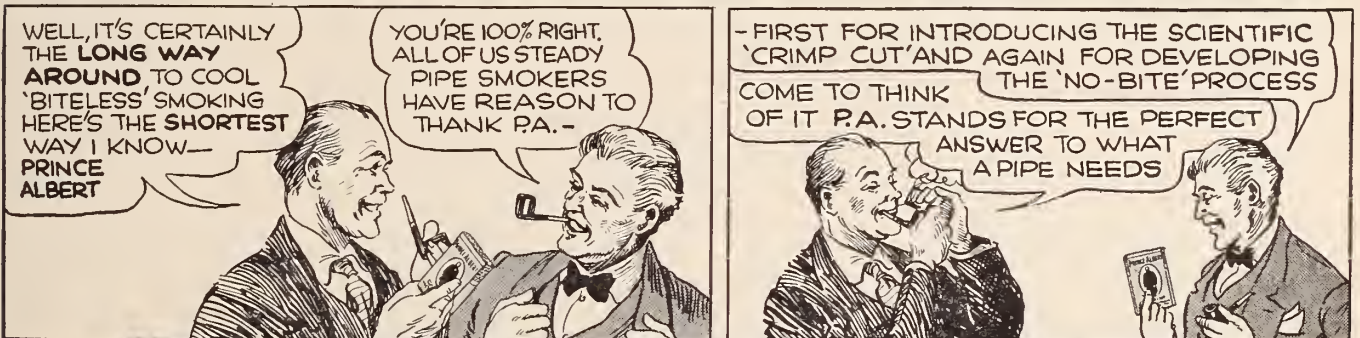


# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

## AIR-COOLED PIPE



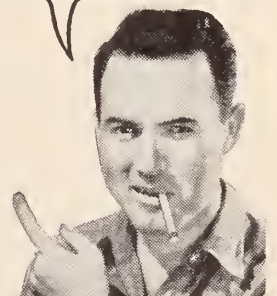
SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM "BITE"



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as I would with you," she said with a little laugh, and he was glad.

The night was now clear and palely illuminated. She took his arm, and they began to climb the path up the hill, which looked as though it led to the end of the world.

Up and up they climbed, as myriad insects joined the chorus to sing them a monotonous crescendo. It was at the end of the world, where they found something more beautiful than they had ever known before.

\* \* \*

His body fell back into the mud of the trench with its "tin hat" flung to one side. There was the sharp crack of a rifle. The sergeant said with unconcealed admiration for the enemy marksman: "Drilled him clean through the forehead."

\* \* \*

A woman screamed as she forced down on the last knife-edge pain of childbirth, and the country doctor said with pride: "It's a boy, Mrs. Pierman."



## Street in Spain

continued from page thirteen

the attack broke. The soldiers scattered. One alone, in advance of the others, kept running forward. With quick care, Angela set the front sight on the man's belt and squeezed.

In the tense silence that followed the final burst, someone shrieked, "Jesus!" Again and again he repeated the shrill shout, "Jesus! Jesus!"

The last man to go down was struggling to his knees and screaming as if his throat were torn to ribbons. His spread fingers were held against a gaping cavity in his abdomen. Blood ran thickly over his fingers and fell in long streamers to the cobblestones. The man was trying to crawl out of the street, and he screamed with every movement. Angela's machine gun chattered briefly and the screaming broke off sharply.

Quickly, as she saw the end of the belt slip into the magazine, Angela reached for a fresh load and fed it into her gun. It was her next to the last belt and she would have to be careful. She took a quick look at her teammate huddled in the corner. Juan's clothes looked sizes too large for him. Angela wondered if he had any cigarettes on him.

She stood up and took one step toward the body to search it, when firing started outside again. She dropped

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down behind her gun and looked out. An armored car, ominously silent, was coming slowly down the street under the cover of heavy rifle fire. Angela set her sights on the slots in the cab and cautiously waited. When she was sure she had a good aim, she started shooting. She watched the tracers carefully and kept her bursts on the slots. The car came on, unaffected. Then it too opened fire.

The window was full of flying rock dust from the stone sill. A chip of stone hit Angela in the temple and cut a long shallow gash. She kept firing as well as she could. Bullets started to plunk into the plaster behind her. They were too high, but they made her keep her head down. Angela was panting with excitement as she held her bucking sights on the car. She squeezed for another burst. The gun was silent.

Almost crying with rage, she cursed hotly and at the same time snapped the handle back. She pressed again and the gun took up its staccato cough.

The car swerved violently, one of her slugs had sprayed through a slit and blinded the driver. The front wheels

hit the curb at an angle, the car tilted, and then, as the back wheels struck, the whole thing turned over on its side. The side door flew open with the force of the crash but nothing came out.

Angela reached into a small container behind her and picked out a grenade. She pulled the pin with her teeth and tossed the bomb through the window so that it dropped through the open door. Angela smiled bitterly as she heard the sudden scrambling in the car just before the bomb went off. A pillar of smoke mixed with bits of rubbish rose out of the car, mushroomed and disappeared. The car lay like a great overturned beetle, its gun pointing futilely toward the sky. Calle Real relapsed into the stifling quiet of a hot afternoon.

Behind her someone swore briefly. Angela looked toward the misshapen doorway that was the only safe way out of the little fortress and back to her own lines. She drew her automatic and freed the safety as she heard some one start up the makeshift ladder. She watched until she saw who it was com-

ing through the doorway.

"Viva Espana, Miguel," she said.

The newcomer grunted, stepped off the ladder, and admitted a short, squat companion.

"Que es?" Angela asked, "What's the matter?"

"You'll have to abandon the post," Miguel told her. "We're falling back all along the line."

"But I can hold this position. They'll never take it."

"We can't give you any support."

"I don't need any. I'll stay."

"You can stay if you want to, but we need the gun. We haven't enough good guns left for you women to toy with. There's real man's work to be done with them."

The two men started to dismantle the machine gun.

"Does my gown look as though it were falling off my shoulder?"

"Naw, let's dance."

"I'm sorry, but I must go and rearrange it. It's supposed to look that way."

—Pitt Panther

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## Scene, Script, Song

continued from page seven

stacles are partially overcome after six months of work. Soon, as rehearsals go on, the last of the script will have been completed and another "Prom Trotters" will be ready for Lehigh to hear and see.

When the script and songs (called, I believe, the score) are ready — indeed before fully complete — rehearsals must begin. Again under the direction of Mr. Rights, trials are held over a three week period. From these trials are picked Lehigh's leading voices — and surprisingly good voices they are. Each voice must be cast, for there are romantic leads, comedy leads, besides the tremendously important chorus. The chorus girls must be recruited, too, from Moravian, Cedar Crest, the City of Bethlehem, and from secretaries' desks in hidden Lehigh department offices. All this is now completed, and every Wednesday night Drown hall is a miniature Broadway theater with plenty of action.

By seven o'clock there is a small group at the piano, busy with harmony. Parts must be composed for the singing chorus and quartette. Later the music director emulates the gestures of professionals, and with tie and collar awry, tears his hair as his chorus sings and re-sings a certain phrase. Every song must run smoothly! Up in a third floor room the speaking scenes are rehearsed.

Slowly, as individual efforts are perfected, and specific groups become more proficient, a coordinated show is brought about. The speaking scenes are brought down from the third floor room, the quartette, solo and chorus work are attempted in a continuous run, and finally the monotony of a lone piano is supplemented by the newly formed orchestra. Working together — smoothly (which takes a few more weeks) these elements form the production.

The rather vague term, "aesthetic appreciation" is disturbing to many of the staff. Thus, Mr. Rights assumes the added role of "Chief aesthetic appreciation advisor." Lehigh men are not without their own ideas, however. Witness John Henry Wiegel expound his artistic comprehensions to the director some afternoon, and you will be thoroughly convinced.

To equip his staff with sufficient knowledge for such work Mr. Rights gives a series of lectures on scenery painting! Primarily for his Dramatics class, these and other lectures are at-

tended by the stage staff. Here they learn about stippling, fog screens, and the theory of color mixing.

Even the above problems are not all-inclusive. There are more stories about property managers, electricians (whose job is really a big one) and at least twenty other staff members behind the curtain on the night of the show. Everyone (and there a cast and staff of sixty) has a job!

Even at that the publicity staff has been omitted. Now here is a job — well, that's another long story. Just be with Mustard and Cheese on the nights of May 7 and 8 to appreciate fully their efforts-

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